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1. Poetry, 19

2. United States - Hist. - Civil war - Poetry
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GLIMPSE OF WAR,

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ANENT

THE CAPTAIN'S COLOR-CAPTURE

BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., U. S. A.,
ON JULY 19, 1864;

[WITH APPENDIX.]

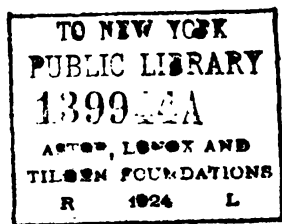
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ALBERT MATSON. *de*

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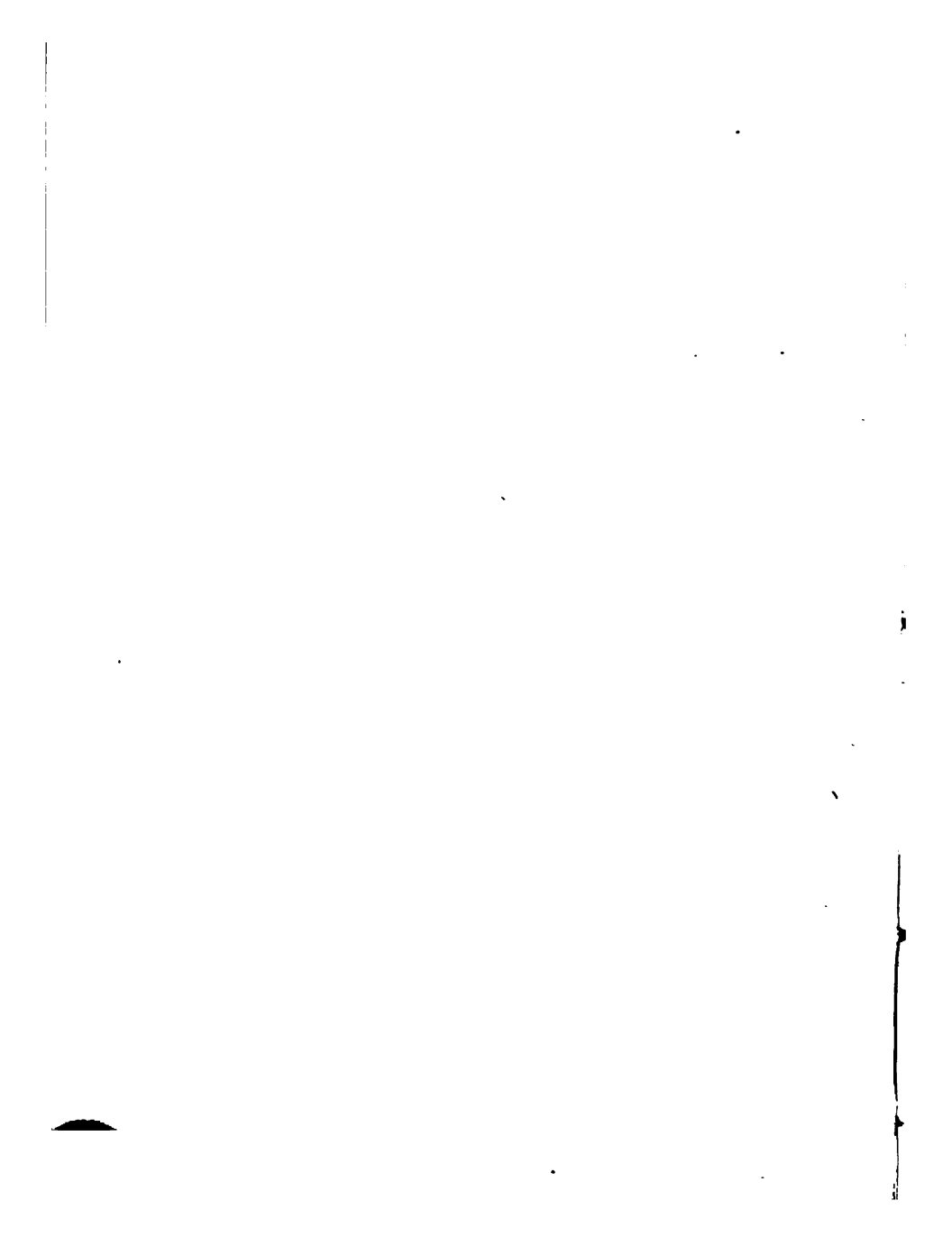


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THE AUTHOR.

{ *Rose De Tour,*
San Diego, Cal., 1898.

Alcore 21Ap'24.




A Glimpse of War.

PRELUDE.

The race is one, one brotherhood;
And God is one, one fatherhood:
'Tis war time still; millen'ial light
Must yet dispel the shades of night.
God oft his plans in myst'ry shrouds;
His face oft hides behind dark clouds;
In part his plans are understood:
—One fatherhood, one brotherhood.

Spots on the sun may be explained;
And, so, why truth is strongly chained
With error, still. Those chains shall fall.
Soul liberty's proclaimed for all;



(Through faith in an Almighty One,
The "Prince of Peace," the Christ, the Son).
Resultant reformations will
Abound, and th' ages traverse, still.

The dom'nant seventh of some new key
E'er means transition; such *must* be;
As might a comet, that could take
A world of worlds, new systems make;
The Morning Star *change* contemplates;
Midst death-damp darkness, *light* creates;
It means triumphant conquest; aye,
It means completeness by and by.

Religion is a life in line
Of effort,—lives "Thy will, not mine":
(And such a life-like fitness has
To th' mustard seed, or th' blade of grass,

Its mission to perform).—Here's strife;
—Men e'er intol'rant are of th' life
From which they've been reformed. Light lives.
Thus darkness yields. * * *

God lives. The times momentous are;
The *final* conflict, near or far,
The *world* anticipates to-day:
Columbia may lead the way,
And gloriously. God grant she may!—
The way to bright millen'ial day!
Columbia!—what e'er th' affray,—
The voice of God hear, and obey!

Columbia for freedom stood;—
For human rights and brotherhood;
But, ah! (What could the reason be?)
A part were bound, though most were free!

And th' Christian nations laughed to scorn
The land where Washington was born;
And prophesied that, with that blot,
Would rest th' avengeful curse of God.

For many years that blot spread o'er;
Each day spread darker than before;
For many years the lines were drawn;
At last the struggle, fierce, came on:
And th' nations, looking on from far,
Beheld the carnage, civil war:
And *Lincoln* stood for liberty;—
And bond-men were no more, but free.

'Round Petersburg Grant's lines are drawn;
The day decisive hastens on;
A cordon strong, those lines they keep,
While th' war-gods wait, and th' war-dogs
sleep:

The Nation longs, with boding fear,
For th' news of th' battle drawing near;
The Gray must break that cordon now,
Submissive, else, to fate to bow.

The Blue, with great expectancy,
Prepare to test the potency
Of war's dread argument; prepare
To do what man can do; to dare
What man can dare; prepare to die,
If die they must, without a sigh;—
To suffer worse than death, might be;
—For Country calls. * * *

The Captain's Color Capture.

The night was dark, and dismal, too;
Some stars the hov'ring mists shone through;
The moon was hid some hours ago;
And now the fog-chilled morn came on;
Upon their arms battalions slept,
On vantage ground to which they'd crept
Almost the Union lines upon;
And only waited signs of dawn.

But 'twas a troubled sleep they slept;
Some waking vet'rans prayed and wept
And, with intense emotion, sobbed
And thought of home and loved ones robbed

Of all they held, of earth, most dear,
Should they, in battle's slaughter near,
Be gathered in. But most sweet slept,
And *dreamed* of loved ones; *dreamed* they
wept!

"*Move on!*"—a low and whispered call;
Then prompt command in line to fall;
With stiffened limbs, and straining eyes,
They rouse each other; sudden rise;
Firm grasp their arms, and look away,
And wait the coming of th' affray;
The gray of dawn they faint descry,
Now creeping up the eastern sky.

"*Move on!*"—Brave Hagood leads the way;
No braver e'er, in such affray,
Drew sword. Trained war horse rides, well
bred;
"*Move on!*"—with sword raised high o'er
head;

"Move on!"—"We'll win to-day, or die!"
—"Aye, 'win or die,' the battle cry!"
He'll lead them on, though hope be gone
For e'er.—And Hagood's men move on.

The battle's on. O heavens! O earth!
Is liberty of so much worth?—
That brethren should each other's blood
So fiercely seek to shed? O God!
Shall loyalty new strength acquire
By baptism such, of blood and fire?
Does th' cause of human freedom lead
To carnage such? Is such its need?

As ends this morning's battle, fierce,
So ends the Nation's struggle, years
Prolonged, and millions slain, while God
Has kept the Nation 'neath the rod.

"Oh, lift the rod!" Columbia cries;

"Accept, our God, our sacrifice!"

Before this morning's songsters sing,

Behold a Nation's offering!

But weep, O North! and weep, O South!

For th' slain this morn at th' cannon's mouth!

From th' northern Lakes that we love so well,

To th' southern Gulf, this slaughter tell;

Of daring deeds of bravest men;

Of valor great as mortals ken.

Aye, weep Columbia! for the brave

Who find this day a soldier's grave.

"Move on!"—The drums beat loud;

The sun shines out o'er th' fog-built cloud;

They pass ravine, and ridge, and mound,

And halt in line on level ground.

But why this sudden stand?—So near?
And why this wavering, and fear?
What signal, this, to those behind?
—*A moat*, with water filled, they find!

In energy of deep despair,
One hopeless round each seeks to share;
And, such foreboding fills each breast,
Each feels the horror of the rest.
They can not move,—except they fly;
—Surrender? standing there? or die?
—For flanking columns, pressing hard,
Already claim the blood-soaked sward.

Scores, wounded, fall; scores fall to die;
There's no escape; no succor nigh;
Pale heroes, vanquished, silent stand,
Midst carnage dire on every hand.

Unhorsed, their brave commander falls;
"Haste!" "Haste!" "a horse!" he loudly calls.
They heed him not. Ah! 'tis too late!
Brave leader! Such thy cruel fate!

The show'r of shot and shell pours on,
As if it had but just begun:
—*He is not dead!* Brave Hagood, still,
On foot, fights on; for fight he will!
—Ah! *this* day's doings, who can tell?
—But now comes o'er the hosts a spell
As ne'er, (in conflicts such), ne'er fell
Before. Ah, me!—to tell the story well!

From a sheltered spot a horseman rides;
As if ignoring all besides,
The intervening space trots o'er,
And halts the center-point before!

Of noble bearing, youthful, tall,
Firm seated, calm and fearless, all;
Raised high o'er head, his saber glares;
A captain's uniform he wears;

And to the color-bearer, thus;
"*Your colors, man!*" "*To me!*" "*To us!*"
Amazed, the color-bearer stands;
Tight grasps the staff with both his hands;
He knows not what he does; *he yields!*
Strange pow'r that reckless rider wields!
What war god he, such deed has done?
—He grasps the banner! now he's gone!

But Hagood sees that banner lift,
Unfurl'd, and placed on pummel; swift
He runs, and Bailey's bridle grasps;
Brave Bailey firm the banner clasps;

—“*Give me that flag!* and you shall live!
A thousand lives for that I'd give!
An instant's pause, and you shall die!
Not *you* shall wave that flag, but *I!*”

—“And now comes who? who may he be
That now should take this flag from me?”
—“Commander of these men am I;
Return that flag, I say, or die!”
—“*But look you, Gen'ral, look you there!*
See! our battalions, everywhere!
Surrender, you, and these, to me!
Or gulfed in death be, utterly!”

See! scores of rifles leveled, now,
At Bailey's bare, defiant brow;
And Hagood's pistol at his breast;
—Battalions hurrying from the west:

"Once more, sir! will you?" "Never!" "No!"

"For this I came! with this I go!"

And *Bailey falls. * * * *
* * * * * * *

See! Hagood mounts the captured steed;
Of him he has the greatest need;
As if t' avenge his master's fate,
The maddened horse, at fearful rate,
The field now flees,—nay, falls!—and as
He falls, brains out a surgeon on the grass.
—And †Hagood falls. * * *
* * * * * * *

A thousand lives that flag has cost,
Of those who knew the battle lost:
Surrender? those battalions? *No!*
See line on line a-reeling go!

*Capt. Jas. Bailey, 4th Ia. Vol. Infy.

†Gen. Johnston Hagood, S. C.

See! heaps on heaps of th' vanquished; slain;

Among the trees; all o'er the plain:

—"Retreat!" "Retreat!" is sounded now:

—Retreat?—Heav'n help! for, *whither? how?*

Ah, deadlier the struggle now!

The *ricochet*-dog's spewings plow

Like dynamite by demons flung

Promiscuously all among;

Battalions, hastening, onward go;

Quick join in battle with the foe;

Such din the stoutest heart appalls;

—A shaft of fork-ed lightning falls;

A furious storm bursts on th' affray;

The heavn'ns, with jangling loudness, play

Accomp'niment of thunders; rain,

In sheeted torrents, pours, the stain

Of blood, in part, to wash away;
 And fever, born of wounds, to stay;
 The trench, with water fill'd, is red
 With blood of fallen patriots shed.

Ravines, now angered in their course,
 The clotted blood wash from their shores;
 And th' show'rs of shot, and th' show's of
 shell,
 And th' show'rs of wind, and rain, and hail,
 Join, in an awful mockery,
 To drown the wail of agony:

—And Heaven frowns. * * *
 * * * * * * *

The storm, slow moving on, has passed;
 And, one by one, are hushed, at last,
 The hounds of war: war-horses feed
 In quiet herd; or neighs some steed

Companionless; the spoils of war,
 O'er th' wide expanse, thick scattered are;
 The cries of pain cease not; and not
 The moans, and groans, and prayers to God.

The wounded wait for succor; slow
 The freighted ambulances go,
 To seek the living; numbered not
 The dead, until tomorrow; hot
 The sun o'erhead; clouds cleared away;
 Light breezes fan;—declines the day:

—And Heaven smiles. * * *
 * * * * * *

And 'round the world trained light'ning
 goes,
 And soon the news each cont'n't knows
 Of vict'ry gained for th' Union cause;
 From th' Union lines rise loud huzzas,

As tramping, tramping, tramping, tramp,
 The victors come again to camp;
"Hurrah!" "Hurrah!"—in loud refrain;
"Hurrah!" "Hurrah!" again and again.

A cordon yet. Now silence falls;
 Low, picket *"halt!"* to picket calls;
 Bright moon and stars appear; a breeze
 Moves gently th' leaves of th' sheltering
 trees;
 A neighb'ring Freed-man plays his flute,
 And prays; the turtle-dove his mute
 Companion calls. * * * *
 * * * * * *



Now, *peace: many years have passed since
they

That wore the blue, or wore the gray,

Joined battle on that notable day;

And, mostly, they have passed away.

But some remain, and love to tell

The story they remember well;—

“The Captain’s Color Capture.” Peace

Profound e’er glad’ns the hearts of these.

New prestige, e’er, Columbia gains;

It matters not what blood the veins

Of patriots courses now; the home

Of freedom, till th’ millennium,

Oh, may it be! God bless our land!

The children of those vet’rans stand

One common altar ’round, and sing,

To-day, of war-time’s offering.

*After 30 years.

—"Honor to whom it doth belong;"
—And joyful raise her "glory" song,
While loud they exalt Columbia's fame,
—"A Gloria Ad Gloriam,
O Columbia!"

SONG.*

Hark! the voice of th' ages, telling
Us, from glory, on, to go;
Songs of God-giv'n greatness, swelling,
Tell of glory yet to know:
On, Columbia! Heav'n blest nation!
Heed thy mission! Know thy goal!
On! from high to higher station,
While the centuries shall roll.

* "A Gloria Ad Gloriam, O Columbia,"—Sheet Music;
—Song and Chorus with piano and horn accompaniment.
Also arranged as a four-part Hymn-Tune.

ALBERT MATSON, Rose De Tour, San Diego, Cal.

Nations wait with expectation,
Wond'ring what thy fate shall be;
Prophecy, of brightest vision,
Look to find fulfill'd in thee;
Since thy God from tyrants saved thee,
And yon flag was lifted up,
Millions bless that banner daily,
Yea, they hail thee as their hope.

There's a rare and wond'rous flow'r,
Blooming red, and white, and blue;
Petals white at morning hour,
Though by night a bluish hue;
When, at noon, its perfume sateth,
Then, behold, that flow'r is red!
Heed the flower! glory waiteth
Till thy sun shines high o'erhead!

Freedom's day is still its morning;
Shadows still its skies o'ercast;
Bright, the zenith yet adorning,
Gleam some stars of th' night o'erpast;
But the skies are growing brighter,
And the warmth and glow we feel;
And the hearts of men are lighter,
As they escape the tyrant's heel.

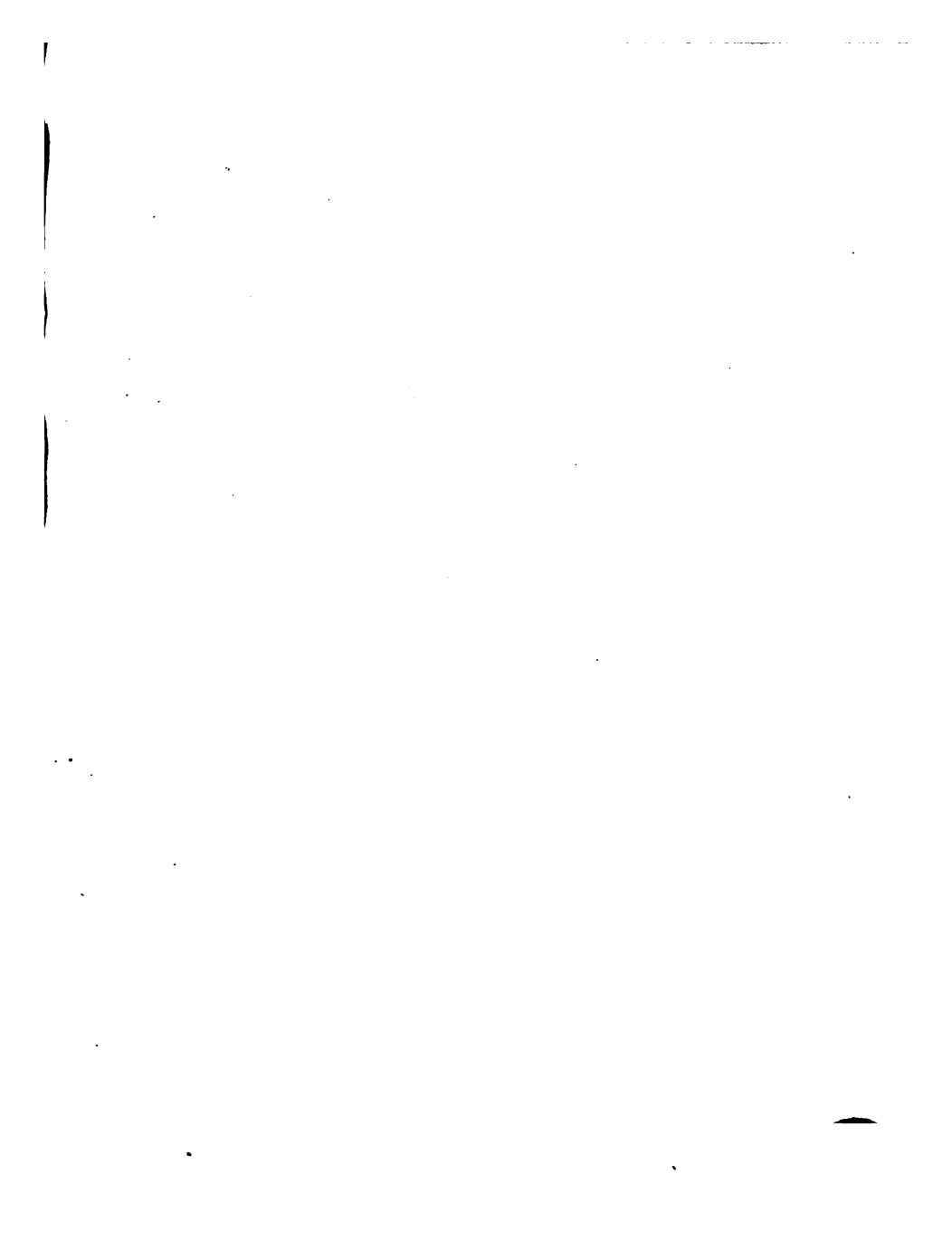
On! the world thy glory knoweth!
On! the hope of freedom, thou!
On! till, where thy banner goeth,
Men no more to tyrants bow!
On! thou child of love's enthronement!
On! thou pledge of weal to men!
On! thou promise of th' at-onement
Earth shall find with Heav'n again!

On! thy mission is decretal!
On! to th' banishment of wrong!
On! till righteousness and peace shall
Kiss, and then burst forth in song!
On! to nobler, grander, station!
On! till Heav'n shall spare the rod!
On! till th' glory of the nation
Is the glory of our God!



APPENDIX.

[Comprising a few selections—of only a few verses each—from a small collection on different subjects, and, with one exception, appearing from time to time in various publications, between the years 1885 and 1898, and meeting with such reception as seemed to warrant re-publication.]



Elfelfa.

Have the poets e'er sung of "Old Baldy,"
the mount,
Standing forth in his majesty, there?
And do parents, at night, to their children,
recount
What the "Legends of Baldy" declare?
—When, from far, 'mong the trees, near some
rivulet's fount,
Sounds they hear?—tones of seeming des-
pair?
—And the cry, "*Elfelfa!*" "*Elfelfa!*"

Sad, the story they tell; and it strange may
appear;
But the Padres all knew, in their day,
'Mongst the boulders of "Baldy," as evening
drew near,
Were wild children oft seen in their play;
But in silence away; though it was not
from fear:
When surprised, ne'er one word did they say,
Save this one, "*Elfelfa!*" "*Elfelfa!*"

Far away, in Old Mexico's opulent town,
In the days of magnificence, old,
Lived a beautiful maiden of envied renown,
Whom, a keeper of jewels and gold,
Montezuma had made, and an heir to the
crown:

'Tis of her the sad story is told;
—How they cry, "*Elfelfa!*" "*Elfelfa!*"

—Thus: the king thought his niece's affec-
tions to guide;
And he frowned her young chieftain upon;
But Haallya bold into the court-way did ride,
His Elfelfa he seized, and was gone:
Far away in "Old Baldy's" dread heights
they will hide:
She is gone, the bright, beautiful one;
And they mourn, "*Elfelfa!*" "*Elfelfa!*"

Through the valleys, o'er *mesas*, o'er moun-
tains, they flee,
Halting not, till they reach *El Cajon*;
There, brief resting, lest hast'ning pursuers
might be
Planning well,—should their covert be
shown;
Fast they flee; till, afar, their sought fast-
ness they see;
To all, save Haallya, yet unknown;
—Where they cry, "*Elfelfa!*" "*Elfelfa!*"

But, arriving, at length, 'mong those cumu-
lose hills,
Jagged slopes, and deep cañons, high
walled,
—Hark! what ominous sounds! what strange
luridness fills
All the air, till their hearts are appalled!
—"Should I fall," said the chief, "e'er this
fierce quaking stills,
Press thou on; ride thee, far;—till thou'rt
called
By thy name, '*Elfelfa!*' '*Elfelfa!*'"

Up the steep, in his arms, he had borne her
that day,
And had carried her safe, until now,
Faint, he fell; Elfelfa, very elf, gone astray,
Pushed, with speed, toward the high mountain brow;
'Til she planted her feet, far above clod or
clay,
On a ledge, 'midst perpetual snow;
—Hark! he calls—“*Elfelfa!*” “*Elfelfa!*”

But her brain had gone wild; for the billowy
ground
Opened wide on her right, on her left;
And the sulphurous smoke now enveloped
her 'round,
'Til, of reason, she quite was bereft;
Oh! the heart of the chief wildly beat at
each bound,
As he leaped over boulders, new-cleft;
—Louder cried, “*Elfelfa!*” “*Elfelfa!*”

She was lost! His Elfelfa he safely had
brought
To this fastness; but, now, she was lost;
Doubly lost—when he found her, she recog-
nized not
Her espoused; neither fire; nor frost;
Stood, bewildered; and ever was near that
dread spot,
Rigid standing; a Stylites' ghost!
—While he moaned, "*Elfelfa!*" "*Elfelfa!*"

And he brought stalks of tule, and built
there a booth;
Safe, he kept his Elfelfa, with care;
Silent, dwelt many a year with the wife of
his youth,
'Mongst that mountain's wild ruggedness,
there;
But the legends all say—(doubtless, all say
the truth),
Such a burden was life, now, to bear,—
He but spake, "*Elfelfa!*" "*Elfelfa!*"

And the legends maintain that, there, wild
men are found

In those fastnesses, up in the mount;
That they utter no word, neither language,
nor sound,

—As they always affirm and recount,

—Save one word, only one, when thick
dangers surround,

Or, by moonlight, they rest near some fount;


—That wild cry, "*Elfelfa!*" "*Elfelfa!*"



A Dream.

On a broad river's current I rode,
In a dream;—for it seemed but a dream;
I was rowing; Niagara neared;
Hard I rowed,—I must row up the stream!
On I rowed, toiling hard while 'twas day;
I no rest in my weariness found;
Still, I rowed, in a difficult way
Through the waters, to find solid ground.

Then, a pilgrimage long, I began;
So my mission on earth to fulfill;
And, with toil, I must press on my way,
On, and on,—I must wend up the hill!



Then, I heard people 'round, mutt'ring loud:
"Sinned this man?—or his parents that
sinned?

For a torch-bearer, ~~he~~, faithful e'er,
But e'er bearing his torch 'gainst the wind!"

"Ah!" they said, "Will he bear, always bear,
All injustice? tho', wronged, seek the right?
Will he on, and yet on, though 'tis dark?
Sees he e'er, 'midst the gloaming, the light?
Thinks he surely the goal he will reach?
Comes to him, from the bitter, the sweet?
Counts he failure an omen of weal?
Will he turn, e'en to vict'ry, defeat?

"Will he melt into tears, as he plays
Upon only just one viol string?
Will he prove him one favor'd of Heav'n,—
Prove his birthright, as child of the King?

Will men yet quite forget that he failed?
Will he stand, by-and-by, 'mongst the strong?
When, at last, from this life he has passed,
Will men, then, speak in praise of his song?"

Thus I dreamed,—dreamed of life's upward
way,
Dreamed of turmoil, and struggle, and pain;
Dreamed of fainting, and falling, and rout;
Dreamed of anguish, and hopes blighted,
slain;
Dreamed of failure, ignoble, complete:—
Were the battle fore'er to the strong;
Were not weakness in mercy made strength;
Were not sorrow, through grace, turned to
song!



New Year's Morning.

New comes the day! New comes the year!
New comes the count! The old year's dead!
Mem'ry recalls; we shed a tear,
May be; how fast the old year sped!

But now for joy! New joy! More joy!
—An era new—extension new,
Of time, to us, for our employ,
With growth and betterment in view.

And now for hope! New hope! More hope!
—New effort to the time redeem;
To less in dark-zoned realms to grope;
To make our life more than a dream.

Yea, now for peace! New peace! More peace!
—More resting on the Infinite;
More confidence that, when we cease
From earth, for heaven we shall be fit.

Doing.

'Twas in the gray of dawn;
'Twas calm; the fogs and mists were on;
Hark! Sleep had from my eyelids gone;
Hark! Still I lay my couch upon
And listened. 'Twas the roaring sea
That, beating hard upon the beach,
A cosmic anthem sang to me,
Until I said, "What doth it teach?"

The breezes gently stir
The surface of the mighty deep;
And storms and tempests oft recur,
Lest those dread depths should ever sleep!

Our mundane sphere is ocean-girt;
Upon its axis turns alway;
And tides *must* swell seas, else inert,
And break, by night, by day.

Shall I this lesson learn?
My being's depths are to be stirred,
Till quick reply they shall return
To human call, or God's own word;
Till when, the spirit brooding o'er,
He saith to me, "Awake!" "The goal!"
I shall have been prepared before
For new expansion of the soul.

This life began, with me,
Amidst the busy stir of men,
On free-land shore of inland sea;
A life-law trend that caught me then,

And held me in its path, still holds;
Activity, the journey through;
And every day to me unfolds
New opportunity to *do*.

And rest? But for new start,
New impetus, and better view
Of mortal life's true goal. The heart
Must e'er its steady throb renew.
While up, unto the higher height,
Expectant gaze I frequent turn,
Upon my path is shed new light;
Its source, more near to be, I yearn.

If thus, in mortal frame,
What must th' immortal be? What is
The law—th' eternal law? The same—
Activity, in realms of bliss.

"If I Should Fall."

"If I should fall"—should fall—what, then?
I shall *not* fall, all helplessly;
I shall *not* be destroyed; for, when
Cast down, my faith shall ever be
Too strong to fail me in the hour
Of greatest need—all, utterly!
Ah, yes! I'll simply trust the Pow'r
That saves—saves everlastingly.


"If I should fall"—I'll turn away
From such a thought! I fain would rise
To higher heights, and ever stay
Far, and more far, from sin's surprise;
When darkness comes, and danger's near,
And threat'ning, everywhere, the skies,
I'll try to banish faithless fear,
And up, e'er upwards, lift my eyes.

Then let me rise!—The path is bright
To weary, way-worn, stumbling feet—
Far up, upon the higher height,
Where dangers—all that mortals meet—
Are plainer seen and understood,
And all the joys of earth more sweet,
There, walking in the light of God,
Until the journey is complete.

Environment.

Heredity we value much;
Heredity, God counted in;
Heredity, a life-trend such
As tends to hatred of all sin;
Heredity, in favored ones,
Who unto righteousness incline,
Somewhere, sometime; in Heav'n-blest sons,
Who, through it, find the path divine.

Environment we value more;
Environment, God counted in;
Environment, whate'er before,
Whatever after fights 'gainst sin;



The atmosphere that moulds the life,
Through blasts that blow, through storms
that beat,
Through frosts that chill; a mad world's
strife;
The best, glad life, whate'er we meet.

Heredity we also fear;
Heredity, God counted out;
Heredity, whose leaf is sear,
And stalk is frail from very sprout;
Humanity on stony ground;
Not helplessly; not hopelessly;
To many such has God been found,
Not counted out, eternally.

Environment we fear much more;
Environment, God counted out;
Environment, whate'er before
Gave trend and fibre to the sprout;

The tree is bent by growths around;
By light and shade, by heat and cold,
By wet and dry of air and ground;
More, more by these, a thousand fold.

Wouldst save that boy? then save him soon!
Oh! bring to bear such influence sweet
In morning hours,—wait not the noon!—
As sure will bring to Jesus' feet.
Ye men of God, who know hell's power,
What can ye do? do soon? and how?
For such, while 'tis Life's morning hour?
For such, what are ye doing now?



Who Builds?


They say of thee thou tearest down,—
But 'tis thy mission; be thou strong!
On Jehu's hind'ers Heav'n shall frown;
And, since thy soul is fir'd 'gainst wrong,
Deal blow on blow, with all thy might!
In th' name of freedom, onward, thou!
In th' name of justice, truth, and right,
In th' name of God, be valiant now!

Tear down to build; a builder thou
Shouldst be; thus thy commission reads;
Build; thus fulfill thy solemn vow
To serve. In view of human needs,
Remember thou must surely build,
If true reformer thou'wouldst be,
And well perform what God hath willed;
Build well; build for eternity.

Growing Old.

I feel, dear friend, (yet do not feel,)
That I am growing old to-day;
'Tis flesh alone that will not heal,—
The spirit knoweth no decay.
Oh, sweet the children and the flowers!
The world seems beautiful to me;
Life's storms, to me, as April showers,
With rainbows, beautiful to see!

A child, a very child, am I,
E'er basking in a Father's smiles;
Though darkness low'r, a brighter sky,
I know, shall be—my hope's a child's!
My chastened spirit buoyant is,
And confident; my joys increase;
Two worlds are mine, (though briefly, this,)
I've heav'n-born youth for *both* of these!



Like Loma's Light.

How oft at twilight have I seen
The clouds o'er Loma's heights arise,
Till clouds and hills have mingled been,
And hid from view the sunset skies;
But on the summit's crest, afar,
There, steady, burned a beacon light
That, through the gloom, shone as a star;
Bright gleam'd, on Loma's loftiest height.

For Loma is a head-land bold
That stretches far and ocean-wise,
And stands between the sheltered hold
And th' troubled waves where th' storm-
clouds rise;
And th' ships that come, and th' ships that go,
In safety not an hour would be,
Did not the mariners well know
That light that shines out o'er the sea.

How oft my soul the clouds descry
 O'er Calvary's head-land, rising high!
 But lo! a flame that never dies,
 E'er makes the Cross seem very nigh;
 It's glow I feel, its gleam I know,
 How dark soe'er, and dense the gloom;
 As on my pilgrimage I go,
 It brightly shines where e'er I roam.

O! wond'rous light on Calvary's heights!
 Light of the Cross, e'er given for me;
 A search-light sent, which ne'er affrights
 Far out upon life's troubled sea;
 And plain it marks the path for me,
 And every danger well makes known—
 Till I heaven's battlements shall see,
 And th' light of God's eternal throne.

Opportunity.

We may be wise; we may be great;
May be, what men call, true;
And, yet, do naught commensurate
With what we ought to do.
We may have much of "common sense;"
May be, what men call, nice;
And, yet, not ready to perform,
When duty's sacrifice.

Books we may know; we may know men;
Philosophers, may be;
And, yet, not know our privilege, plain;
—Our opportunity.
And this should be our attitude;
—With trust in God for all—
Be ready for the opportune,
Whatever shall befall.

The Soul's Summer Solstice.

Of the soul's summer weather we speak
When of happiness, human, we tell;
'Tis the warm summer sunshine we seek;
In contentment, our birthright, to dwell:
'Tis the dancing to music—its own—
Of a heart that is tuned to the key
Of a harmony normal; and known
To quite pleasing to Heaven to be.

Made for summer are we mortals, all,
Though the winter makes summer more
bright;
Made for music and sweetness, not gall,
Though the bitter brings sweetness to light;
Made to cull the sweet flowers that bloom
By the pathway of duty and peace;
Made for love, joy, and pleasure; the gloom
The dense darkness, soul death-damps,
should cease.

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Realized.

'Tis not a prize, mere prize, we seek,
But manhood at its best,
As, day by day, and week by week,
We toil, and hope, and rest
Upon a Mighty Arm, serene
Midst care, and doubting not
The evidence of things not seen,
How hard soe'er our lot.

Fruition of our hope shall be,
And is, if we live on;
Where 'twas *mirage*, a pool we see;
The pool is heav'n begun!
Mirage may cheer our weary feet,
If deserts burning be;
Our thirst we quench with waters sweet;
We find reality.

MUSIC.*

Music sweet on mine ear is now falling;
O'er me comes its magic spell;
Me to realms ecstatic now calling;
Bidding the heart with rapture swell.

Through the darkness 'round me here dwelling,
Burst bright visions on my soul;
Sweet, how sweet, the harmony swelling!
Wond'rous sweet the echoes that roll!

Far away in bright visions, now roaming,
Banished care, and sorrow gone,
Time forgot, forgotten the gloaming,
—Hark! those echoes! rolling on!

*"Sweet Echoes;"—sheet music; duetto, with piano accompaniment.—Albert Matson, Rose De Tour, San Diego, Cal.

Aye, to mortals kindly are given,
Borne aloft, e'en to the skies,
Visions blest, than earth more like heaven,
Longings wakened higher to rise.

O'er my ravished soul, in sweet measures,
Rolls the heavenly symphony;
Foretaste this of sweet endless pleasures,
Where the throngs in glory be.

What is this but prelude now swelling,
Bringing "The Beyond" more near?
"Mount we high, but find we no dwelling,"
Till th' Immortals' chanting we hear!



Why Tolls the Bell To-day?*

Toll! toll! toll! toll! Hark! hark!

Why tolls the solemn bell to-day?
From whom hath fled the vital spark,
And left its casement to decay?
That wond'rous bell in yonder tow'r
Was never known, before to-day,
To toll, save in the solemn hour
When royalty had passed away;

Some Crown-ed Head of Europe, or
Great Potentate of English State;
But now that sound is heard afar,
And throngs expectant breathless wait.

* Great bell, London, at death of President Garfield.

60 WHY TOLLS THE BELL TO-DAY.

Toll! toll! toll! toll! Hark! hark!

What message doth its tolling tell?

From whom hath fled the vital spark?

What spirit choice hath gone to dwell

With th' Bands Immortal "over there?"

Nor Crown-ed Head, nor Prince, is dead,
In Europe all; so all declare:—

Loud tolls the bell from tow'r o'erhead.

Toll! toll! toll! toll! Hark! hark!

Why float at half-mast colors all?

From whom hath fled the vital spark?

And to what land has come Death's pall?

What means this hush, this bated breath?

Th' astonished throng, to silence awed,
And still? A voice, to it, is death?

And death, to it, the voice of God?

Toll! toll! toll! toll! Hark! hark!

How yawns the grave, when tolls that bell!

From whom hath fled the vital spark?

Who journeys now?—How sad that knell!

Sadder than ever, through the years,

That deep death-knell from tow'r o'erhead!

A Nation weeps! The World's in tears!

A Heroe's fallen! "*Garfield's dead!*"



The Life.

Religion is a life: 'tis said

A sharing of sweet communion, here,
With Him who is our living Head,
And thus prepare heav'n's bliss to share.


A life of service, others say;
The measure of faith, the works we do;
We wait, we watch, we hope, we pray,
We try to serve, the journey through.

And yet, 'tis more; it is, 'tis true,
A life of full and sweet accord
And love, and sweet communion, too,
With Him who is our loving Lord,
Thus finding heav'n begun below;
But still, 'tis more; our faith to prove
By works, as on our way we go,
Is not enough, though wrought in love.

What, then? 'tis what we *try* to do;
Successes some our efforts bring;
'Tis *effort* true, His will in view,
That brings us nearest to our King;
'Tis thus we find the highest bliss,
'Neath Heaven's smiles, 'neath Heaven's
rod;
To be religious is just this,—
Just try to do the will of God.

Ebb and Flow.

The waves of ocean ebb and flow,
And ebb and flow again;
And thus, forever, on they go,
On, rolling from the main,
New-formed and big. E'er they retreat
They break upon the shore
With new persistence, bold and great,
With rush and rhythmic roar.



But they no pow'r of will disclose,
In them, themselves, confined;
Outside of them the will that chose,—
The will of th' Almighty Mind:
They come, they go; God made them so;—
Ne'er willing, seek the land;
But, on and on, they ebb and flow,
Borne by th' Almighty Hand.

When we compare the ebb and flow
Of th' life divine, with this,
Analogy's at fault, we know;—
And this the diff'rence is:
The soul that *seeks* the Father's face,
On flood-tide born shall be;
But he that *fails to seek*, through grace,
Is lost in th' shoreless sea!

“Think it Out!”

Oh, “Think it out!”—not blindly go
And careless, all, to-day,
And when to-morrow comes, then, lo!
The way’s a wrong, rough way:
But “think it out”—what God hath planned,
Thy plans to His conform;
He buildeth not upon the sand,—
Take heed; His will perform.

God builds, and man, with Him, should build,
And thus his mission find;
Tear down and build, if God hath willed,
But *build*, with willing mind.
There traverse all the ages through
Reforms, whose steady trend
Imply a building up, anew,
Up-building to the end.

Oh, "Think it out!"—that evil great,
 Whatever it may be;
Or woe of life, or woe of state,
 And great increasingly:
With all its loudly boasting strength,
 'Twould, sure, be put to rout,
Or very soon, or yet at length,
 If men would "Think it out!"

Yes, so of any giant power
 That now infests the land;
That stalks, defiant, every hour,
 And slays on every hand;—
If patriots would but "Think it out,"
 And how such shall be slain,
Each monster soon we'd put to rout,
 Till none would still remain.

The Goal.

Here, apart from earth's commotion,
 'Neath a thought-form's helpful bow'r,
Contemplating Life's vast ocean,—
 Storms recall, that spent their pow'r,
Oft recurring, furious breaking
 Their big billows on the shore,—
Meditating and day-dreaming,
 Mem'ries sweet, and mem'ries sad,
Fresh return. My thoughts, now teeming
 With the Past, again I tread
Paths that I before have trodden,
 'Mongst some, living; 'mongst some, dead.
Think of maelstroms that alarmed me;
 Think of cyclones; shoals not few;
Of forbidden things that harmed me;
 Harmed me more than, then, I knew;

How Hell's pow'r sometimes disarmed me,
When the sword 'gainst wrong I drew;
How I saw that Heav'n would have me
Exercise a faith more strong;
How I cried, "My God! my strength be,
Till I sing the victor's song!"
How He heard, and vict'ry gave me,
Oft, when battling with the wrong.
Think of scenes to which I hasten;—
Scenes beyond mere mortal ken;
Blessed shores and fields elysian,
By-and-by those shores to gain;
Think how I await that vision,
Goal of Now, and home of Then;—
Ah! to me, as time flies, fleeter,
Brighter, 'tis, where e'er I rove;
Yea, the joys of earth are sweeter,—
Foretast of those joys above,
Where I'll be at home forever;—
Home! of Life, and Light, and Love!

No Vested Interest.

I'd have no vested interest in
One hellish thing. The hosts of sin
Should no encouragement e'er find
Through influence, now, or left behind,
Of mine. I'd know no compromise.
I'd walk, so far as in me lies,
With skirts all clean of stain of blood,
And conscience clear, before my God.

Defensive, I? Or, neutral, stand?
Ah, no! Aggressive, I! A brand
From out the burning snatched, shall I
Indiff'rent be to human cry
Of woe? Or stand, irresolute,
When duty calls, shame-faced, and mute?
I'd cry to God, "Send me!" "Send me!"
"May I be true—to Thee! to Thee!"

Compelled.

I am compelled my Cross to bear!
There is to me no other way;
And whether toil, or loss, or care,
Or whether bright or dark the day,
What e'er the special burden be
That comes to me, the Cross I must,—
Else recreant be, so, shamefully,—
Must take, bear manfully, and trust.

Ah! yes; compelled! He is my Lord;
It is, I know, for Him to say.
He could to Simon help afford;
He can to me, "Grace as my day;"
If only 'tis His Cross I bear,
In sympathy with Him and His,
This suffering, with Him, to share;
If, for His sake, the bearing is.

Bells of Angels.

It seems to me that bells I hear

At th' twilight hour of stillness, oft,
As I strive to catch, with list'ning ear,
Sounds sweetly, ravishingly, soft,
That come to me from other sphere
Than that of Time and Nature's bound;
—As if the angels, drawing near,
Rang bells of softest, sweetest, sound.

Sometimes, there comes a dreamy spell

When Nature sings of "The Beyond;"—
And then those sounds I know so well,
To which to list'ning I'm so fond,
Join in the symphony, sublime;
—Sweet bells!—as if by angels rung;
—Not sounds for earth, not bells of time,
But bells in Heav'n's high arches hung.

Why not? Why may not come to me
Such promise of a land unseen?
When quiet is Life's stormy sea,
And on a Mighty Arm I lean
By faith so strong that sweetest peace
Fills all my soul, and Heav'n is near,
And turmoil, all, and strivings, cease,
—Why not the bells of angels hear?



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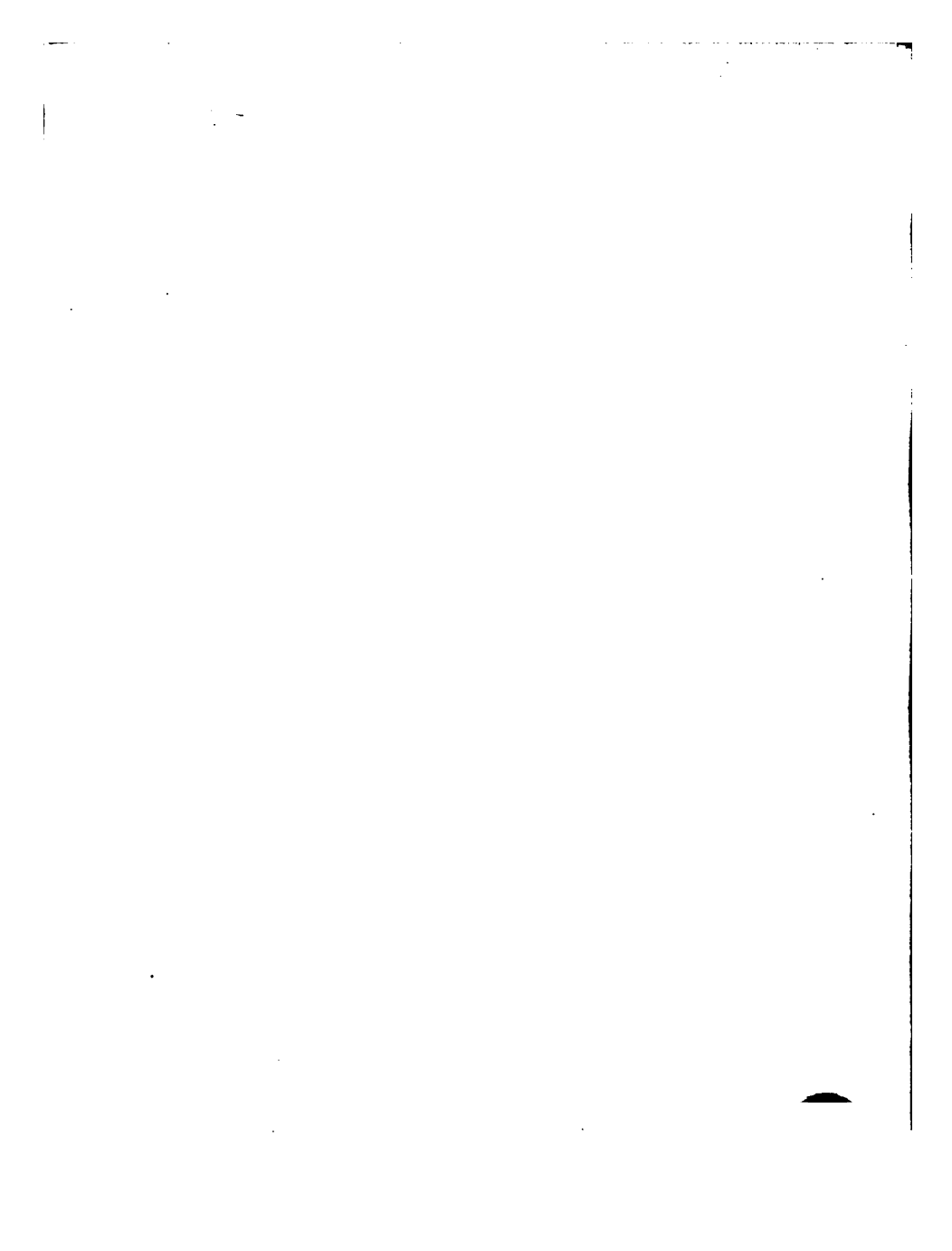
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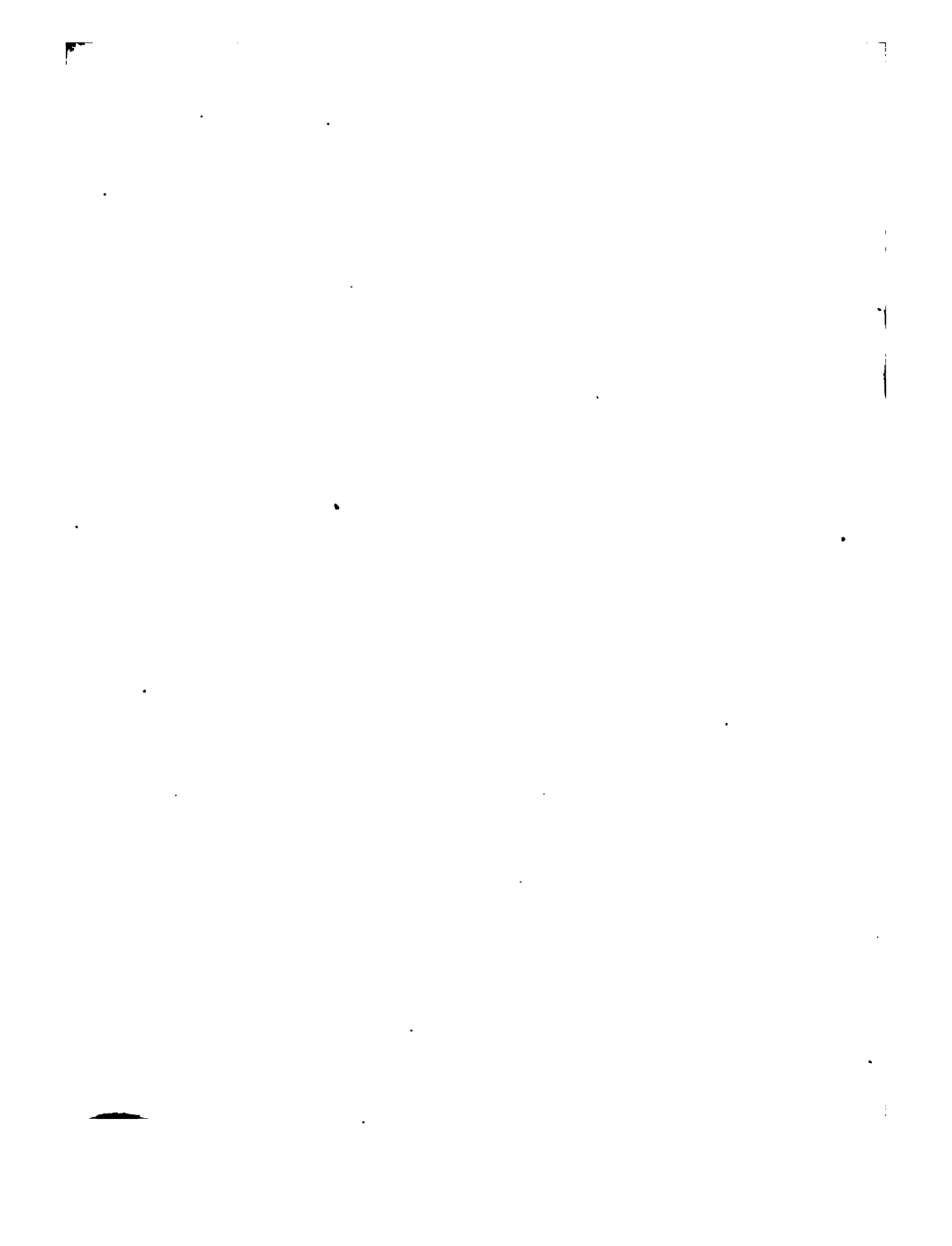
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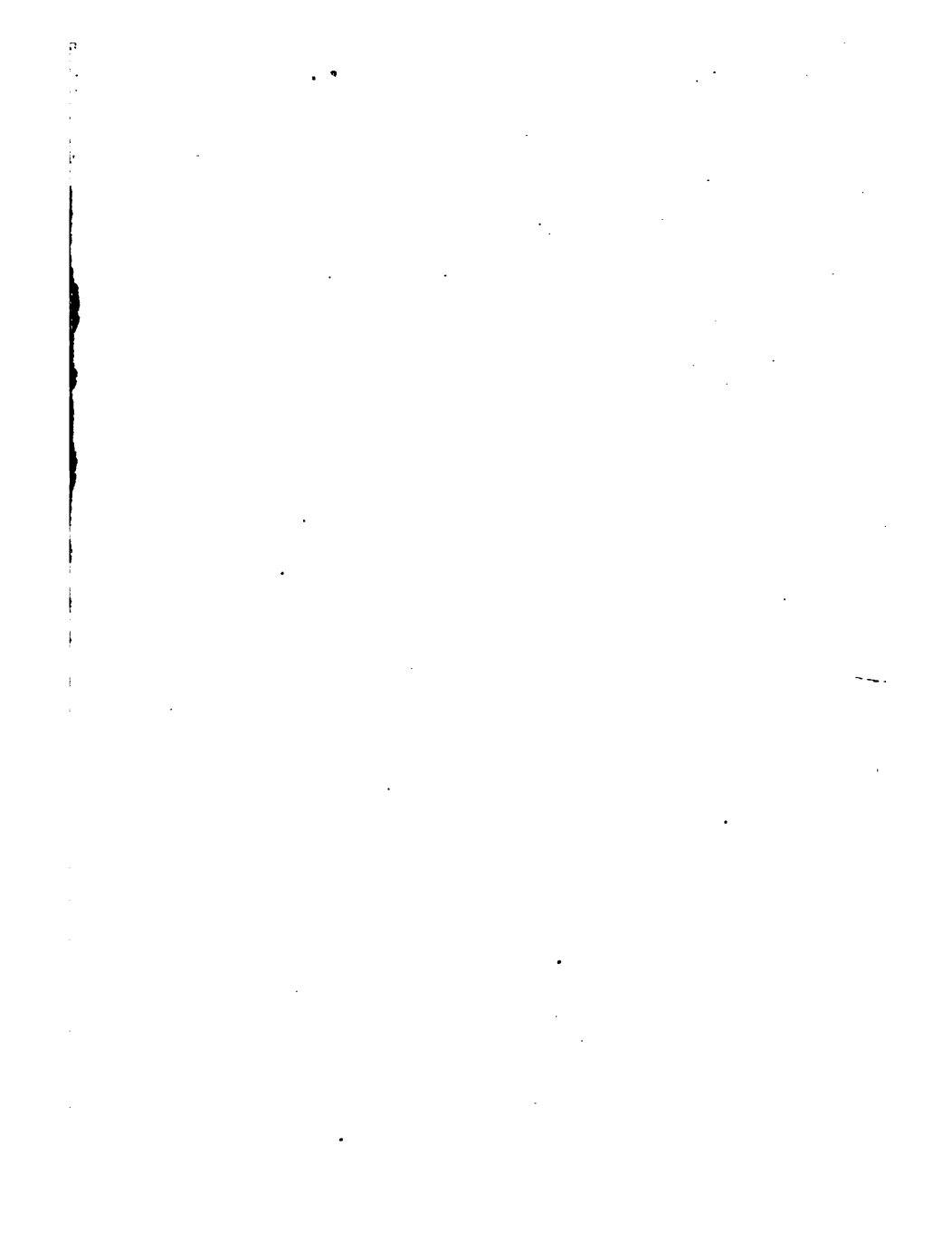
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